

SATURDAY NOON;

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THE PITMAN'S FROLICK.

by John Agle

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SATURDAY NOON



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SATURDAY NOON, &c.

SAY now, ye Critics, high and low,
Ye that life's varied scenes well know ;
Whether in youth, or in our dotage,
In splendid rooms or in a cottage ;
Or in the middle space between,
That true content is mostly seen ;
Say, if your philosophic rules,
And fusty jargon of the schools,
Can ills prevent in every station,
In every trade and occupation ?
No, search thro' the world, you still will find,
Some woe to plague the human mind.

If, therefore, none can ward the blow,
But all must taste of human woe ;
What's to be done, in life's short span,
But mak't as chearful as we can ;

Since

Since neither wealth nor sense refin'd,
Can oft compose the human mind.

To prove this doctrine to be just,
And that the chearful soul may boast,
Let but your eyes and ears have play,
In Gateside on a market day.
Where *Bob* from working in the dark,
Has just thrown off his old *Pit-sark* ;
And spowly says, without a frown,
Come, *Hinney*, lets away to town.
Their's your new coat, it's vastly neat,
Let's go and buy a piece of meat ;
And look now, *Bob*, you plainly see,
This fortnight past I've had no tea ;
Besides, your daughter wants a gown,
And *Geordy* wants a pair of shun.
Whisht wife, I wish you'd stop your din,
And next gang fetch a dram of gin ;
Then you shall see I will right soon,
Step forward with you into town ;
When just so far as all our cash,
I'll give to stop your ill-timed clash,

Except a shilling, which I'll keep
 To put my coal-dust brains a-sleep ;
 And two-pence more I just must have,
 For Barber Jock-my face to shave.

'Twas this day-week he made me stare,
 Charged double price, and blam'd the war ;
 But how the plague the *Yankie's* fray
 Should cause our beards just double pay,
 Is much beyond my will or skill ;
 And greatly too against my will.

N A N N r.

Well, *Hinney*, are not ye blawn away,
 I daresay such a stormy day.
 I'll step into *Becks* and sup some keale,
 And get a jill of his warm ycal.
 There, I am sure, I'll get some harbor,
 And *Robin* make haste fra' the barber ;
 For now they say, their's loads of fish,
 As cheap as you or me could wish ;
 And truly, except a bit of hash,
 I cannot say I'm fond of flesh.

R O B I N.

Well, Nanny, I near thy wish did baulk;
 Yet fish to me is but empty talk ;
 What does a haddick in a morning,
 Fut sets yens appetite a scorning.
 Thou knows I near was deemed a glutton,
 Yet give me still a piece of mutton;
 Where ye may cut and come again,
 At night when we gang weary hame.
 A quarter of the best we'll buy,
 A part of which this night we'll try.
 For *Nanny* it's a goods—my heart,
 To see you take a chearful part,
 And on the twine a bit hang down.
 At night when we come baith fra' town.
 For suppose I get a sup of drink,
 That sets you in the dumps to think ;
 Yet still a piece of meat at night,
 Sets a my stomach aw to right.

N A N N Y.

Well *Robin*, come your set to chatter,
 Come let's away gang cros the water,

And

And there's not yen that I do know,
 Keeps better meat than *Morpeth Joe*.
 And what is more and better still,
 He gave us both last week a jill :
 Though truly it was mair than need,
 As a little thing runs in my head ;
 And when we are here we are a fee buisley.
 That sma's the drop which turns me dizzy.

R O B I N.

Well *Nanny*, preach up that doctrine thro' the
 year,

There's nought comes up to Beck's best beer.
 But here indeed we must not stay,
 So come, let's up the Side, make way.
 Good-morrow to you old friend Joe,
 Your stall casts out a champion show,
 As any in the place I have found,
 How sell you mutton by the pound,

B U T C H E R.

Here's one you see, that's made a bargain
 With me just now at four-pence farthing ;

But

But since your basket I mun fill,
 At four-pence just take what you will.
 And neither one joint nor another,
 I would not bate to my own brother.

R O B I N.

Now *Nan*, what think ye, is not he harder,
 This war plagues him like *Jock the Barber*.
 But yet I must say this, its good,
 And we work for nought but claiths and food ;
 With now and then a sup of brown,
 To set the cares of life weal down.
 I hate to higgle like some hillyards,
 Pray guid a cast upon your stillyards ;
 There, give me change, and may I forge,
 But you shall treat me at the George.
 That done we'll see what money's spar'd,
 And straight we'll to the Castle-yard.
 For faith I'll not gang out of town
 'Till I have *Bes* a bit of gown ;
 This finish'd, and two ounce of tea,
 I'll forthwith haim *Dear Nan* with thee.
 Tho' faith this minute I have seen,
 Our neighbour *Clark* of *Harlogreen*,

Who

Who says, if we'll come o'er with speed,
 He'll give us a cast from Gateside head,
 Which well thou knows, is worth a jill,
 To set us quietly o'er the Fell.

So now along the bridge we'll steer,
 And taste a mug of Huntley's beer ;
 Till Tommy to the host-house come,
 And then altogether haim.

N A N N Y.

O *Robin*, I am grown quite sick,
 Pray had my head, take up your pick ;
 Set by the basket, stop your chatter,
 Step in here, let me make water.
 That little sup we got with Joe,
 Has turn'd my stomach topsy-to.
 And use they say is second nature,
 If I could spue I'd soon be better.

R O B I N.

If that's the case here there's my fob,
 Take out a piece into your gob.

Set down the juice owt ore your hafs,
 And what ye wish will come to pass.
 Then take a drink and never fear,
 For this is fine weal-tasted beer.
 Lets then your cloke about ye hap,
 In Huntley's yard e'en take a nap ;
 While I and two or three neighbours mare,
 Will read the news about the war,
 Sine that is done you'll be quite snug,
 Come in by chance and taste our mug.
 None will know that ye have thrawn up,
 Or tasted aw this day a sup,
 You'll lye as snug as in a mortar,
 But wuns here comes our Maister S^{ter}. (hor)
 Good e'en Sir Lord, what a trim
 This last affair has put you in.
 Strainge, Maister, that ye can't reform,
 And neaver more ride o'er to Durham
 Amongst these filthy grape-lain bitches,
 That's us'd ye worse than twenty witches.
 Pray stay at heame, and on my life,
 You's have a taste of my ane wife.

Deel smash me if it is not wrang,
 To see you at this rate to gang.
 At last dear Maister take to thought,
 And ruin not your health for nought,
 Surgeon they say was vastly tender,
 Or faith they talk you'd lost your member.

how
 S P E E C H E S.

Fie Robin, stop your ill-timed chatter,
 Step in and mention not this matter.
 We will baith sit down beside the jack,
 And lafs, gang fetch two jills of rack.

R O B I N.

Rack Maister, what the plague is this,
 Be Christ it is not far amiss.
 Is this some stuff ye get from far,
 That pays ne duty to the war.
 There's nought I buy but what is double,
 Since we began this cursed hobble.
 And faith I sometimes hugely fear,
 Not lang at four-pence we'll get beer.

S I M O N D E R.

Well, Robin, dinna grudge, but spare
 A trifle to support the war.
 These louzy French we must be at 'em,
 Since still we have our old friend Chatham ;
 Who will our ancient rights mentain,
 Against the power of France and Spain.

R O B I N.

True, Maister, that may aw be right,
 I dinna doubt we still can fight.
 Tax and fight on I dinna care,
 Keep but fra taxing mair our beer.
 Or this good thing ye call your rack,
 That puts the pain quite fra my back ;
 Which if you will but me believe,
 Has broke my rest since Christmas eve.
 Therefore las, hear gang in a trifle,
 Let's have the other glafs be Christ.
 For if pot and ladle's both to seek,
 We'll have a jill a yence a week,
 But now here comes my poor auld wife,
 That lang we me has jug'd thro' life ;

To-

To-day she took so ill at noon,
 I thought her thread of life was done.
 And if she had not spued and soon,
 Deel smash me but her day was come.
 Tho' if she had gain I ne'er wad seen
 Her like again with my twee een ;
 For roast or boiled, or weal fauced butter,
 On Tyne or Wear there's not her better.
 Come Nanny, here's a thing like sack,
 Our Maister says, they call it rack.
 You need not taste it in a fright,
 Drink't up, for faith its put me aw to right.
 A bottle on't we'll have, it is no frolic,
 Take hame with care to keep fra' thou the cholic.
 And when the pain at nights comes in my back,
 We have a something when we have this rack.

N A N N R.

Well, Robin, come if ye be pleas'd,
 Let's now step hame I'm fine'y eas'd.
 And hinney, if ye drink mair rack,
 I'm sure like me it will make you sick.

We

We are not us'd to such fine geer,
 Our staff of life is good brown beer.
 If ye again your glasses fill,
 We may make our beds on Sheriff-hill ;
 Or somewhere near poor Haslet's tree,
 Which oft has shelter'd you and me,
 Thou knows I ne'er did thee desert,
 Nor from thy side I ne'er will part.
 It's sixteen years since I was wed,
 And brought a maiden to thy bed.
 My Bible oath I well can take,
 In death I'll only thee forsake.
 Nay if our priest on Chowden-feli,
 Who flays me with the pains of Hell;
 Yet says that people who are good,
 That gives to priests their daily food,
 To them a power is always given,
 For man and wife to meet in Heaven.
 On Sunday i he makes this clear,
 As sure as this is Huntley's beer,
 Whatever in the town we have got,
 He's have the best that's in our pot.

R O B I N.

Hey-dey, be-Christ what's aw this rant,
 When got you that religious cant;
 The next thingye will pawn your gown,
 To priests and love feasts at the room.
 But take my word if ere I see,
 These rascals come to preach with me,
 Or in their Jewish canting way,
 In my afs-nook sit down to pray;
 Be-Christ as sure as I'm a sinner,
 I'll set them haim without a dinner.

H A N N Y.

O Robin, let your talk keep pace
 With reason and the gift of grace;
 Thou knows when I was long bed-rid
 With drink we got at Gateside-head;
 When aw my bairns around me sat,
 Nay thou and aw sat down and grat.
 Yet nought could ere my fears dispel,
 Till our good priest came fra' the Fell,
 And of our mutton eat a piece,
 Then cheer'd me with his saving grace,

Which

Which after two or three drams I'd given,
 He rais'd my spirits up to Heaven;
 Said if I'd oft come down the fell,
 I might defie the imps of Hell.
 And Robin, now, though we are late,
 And hardly fit to steer our gate,
 Yet if you'l not his preaching blame;
 Take you my word we'll get weel hame.

R O B I N.

Hame, deel smash his brains could e'er he,
 With aw his rank hypocrisy,
 Help me to ride our auld Pit Crooke,
 Or set me past the Windy-Nook:
 No, Nanny, their humbug is to me a farce,
 Your Low fell priest's may kiss my arse;
 And yet that word might be forbidden,
 For faith I must gang to the midden;
 Where are we now, Nann, why at this rate
 We are surely, through the Turnpike gate.

N A N N Y.

Yes, hinney, if you'l but come on,
 We'll soon be at the two mile stone.

ROBIN.

R O B I N.

Smash wife, but I forgot to ask it,
 Pray is aw right within our basket ;
 For now my brain begins to clear,
 I find a cursed stink full near.

N A N N Y.

Well Robin thou will never stent,
 But at our priests for e'er rant:
 Their's times when Saten's power bewitches,
 In short, dear Bob, you've sh—t your breeches ;
 But come let's off the way unseen,
 And I will try to make them clean.

R O B I N.

O Nan, I find I'm cursed drunk,
 For I can neither fart nor funk ;
 Was I but fairly once at haim,
 I'll never dam thy priest again,
 And may Old Harry strike me dum,
 If ere I stop you fra' the room ;
 For what is aw the warld's great treasure
 When we can't hold our belly measure ;

If I was once set down at haim,
 I'll not be drunk this year to come :
 But snug betwixt thy thigh I'll lay,
 Work all the night and sleep the day ;
 — calling course, I'll wish good morrow,
 And quit this life of drink and sorrow ;
 I'll put my savings in a club,
 That when I'm gain, will do thee good.
 Or least our lad should be a fool,
 It will put him two or three year to school:
 When by the year, or month, or week,
 Our George in time, may spell the Greek,
 For English now he stands nee need,
 As well thou knows I've taine good heed :
 For father Heaven be his bed,
 That baith the laim'd and lazy fed.
 Near grudg'd to stint himself for beer,
 Provided I had but my laire ;
 And faith my lad shall have his part,
 If I pawn'd out my best new fark.

N A N N Y.

Well Robin, now, since you let reason guide,
 Their's nought shall harm you, while I'm by your

We baith you see, get whiles a sup of drink,
 Yet that's nee reason but we sometimes think;
 We are now nigh hame, we'll inn and have a
 chat,

Off this good mutton, which is brave and fat:
 We will reason o'er what you have lately said,
 And have a gill before we gang to bed.

R O B I N.

Agreed dear Nan, let that be fast,
 But wonce let's taste a dram of rack.

N A N N Y.

O hinney, that spiritual stuff
 Is not for carnel folks to quaff,
 Hear take a sup, and in a triske,
 I'll locke it by for our good priest;
 That oft's brought comfort to my breast,
 And set my conscience aw to rest;
 Talks of the hidden man and evil,
 And well I know can lay the Devil.

R O B I N.

Smash me, now Nan, if this be fare,
 I surely ought to have my share,
 Besides now when my Stomach's ill,
 You should this night give me a gill.

N A N N T.

O Jewel you have had enough,
 Of beer and rack and other stuff ;
 For when you get beyond your plan,
 You are not more than half a man,
 And well you know it is no joke,
 Among rich and poor, with wedded folk,
 They are bound in duty to delight,
 And please their wives on market night.
 So Robin I'll lay down the bed,
 A hint mair plain I near could said.
 We'll toy and kifs the time away,
 And take our sleep till Sabba day,
 We then will rise with morning sun,
 Breakfast and then to bed again ;
 Where we will rest till after ten,
 Prepare to dine, then sleep again,
 And then to crown the afternoon,
 Our George shall bring a sup of brown,
 That done, we must our stomach's spean
 Till we to town step forth again.

F I N I S.



